

A STEAMBOAT STORY.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

"NOW, Clinton, are you quite sure you've understood all my directions?"

And Mr. Joy looked a trifle anxious as he kissed his daughter and wrung his son's hand.

"Yes, sir. You know we went with you last summer, and besides, as we go on the boat, we won't have to change cars."

"Oh, you'll get along all right with such sharp reasoning as that!" laughed his father.

And then he hurried off down town to business.

The present occasion was an important one in the Joy family, for it was to signalize the first venturing abroad by themselves of 13-years-old Clinton and his younger sister Daisy.

They had been invited to spend a week with their grandmother near the seashore, and as Mrs. Joy was an invalid, and her husband happened just at the time to be very busy at his office, it was finally decided that the children might safely be trusted to take care of themselves for the 30 miles.

They were, of course, highly delighted with this arrangement, and when they were at last actually in the street car, on the way to the boat, they both felt very important.

"I wonder how many adventures we'll have?" said Daisy, as she sat on the very edge of the seat in order to have her feet touch the floor.

"Oh, you mustn't talk about or look for 'em," replied her more practical brother, "or we won't have any at all!"

All went smoothly until they reached the pier, where Daisy was seized with a mortal terror of passing the score or more of wagons and trucks that were continually coming and going, and blocked the way.

"Oh, Clint!" she cried. "Just see that horrid big horse, with the muzzle on his mouth! I'm sure if he bites, he'll kick, too, and how will we ever get by him?"

Her brother's only response was to travel lead the way, flourishing his umbrella threateningly, and, after squeezing between greasy hubs and under several tailboards, they finally managed to board the May Queen, which was the romantic name painted on the paddle box of the steamboat that was to bear them across the bay to Sunside. All their baggage had been sent by express the day before, and after the tickets had been bought, the young travelers had nothing to do but sit quietly on the after deck and keep cool.

Pretty soon the bell was heard to ring in the engine-room, the whistle gave a warning shriek, the great wheels began to revolve, and in a few moments the May Queen was speeding on her course down the harbor, and so on out to the bay.

"It seems as if we went almost as fast as the steam cars," remarked Daisy, as she watched the foaming water flash out from behind the wheels. "But, oh! what was that?" as a sudden jar was followed by the stoppage of the engine.

"Guess we must have run off the track," responded her brother, laughingly.

But when he heard the rush of feet in the cabin and the loud shouts of captain and pilot the smile quickly faded away, and he put his arm around Daisy, as if determined to protect her first of all.

"The boat's snapped her shaft in two!" cried an excited-looking man, as he rushed out of the cabin toward a lady and gentleman he had left a few minutes before.

"Oh, please tell me what that means! Are we going to sink?"

And Daisy ran across the deck to find out all about it.

Clinton followed her, and with much interest heard it explained that the shaft was the sort of axle that turned the wheels, and under which he had ducked his head when they came on board.

"And can't we go at all now?" he asked.

"Not a boat's length, except as the wind and tide carry us," replied the gentleman, as he looked at his watch and then gazed anxiously out over the bay, on which the only sails visible were a long distance off.

"Then how are we going to get to grandma's for dinner?" said Daisy, in dismay.

But the May Queen's long, shrill whistles for help drowned Clinton's answer, if, indeed, he had known how to make any.

"Oh, look, Frank!" exclaimed the lady, during an interval in the blasts. "We must be drifting out to sea."

"That's what I feared," said the gentleman, gravely, "for the tide is still running out, and what wind there is is blowing in the same direction."

"Let's go down and see the break, will you, Daisy?" proposed Clinton.

And hand in hand they went downstairs, but there was such a crowd around the shaft that they could not get near it.

Daisy was rapidly growing very nervous, and Clinton was wondering what he could do or say to reassure her, when a man with a gilt band around his cap beckoned to him from the after gangway.

two are the youngest on board it's no more'n right you should have first show."

"But where are you going to take us?" asked Daisy, in some alarm, as a stout arm placed her safely in the stern of the lifeboat.

"Right around Sandy Point—you can just see it over yonder—and up the river to Sunside."

"Exactly where we want to go," said Clinton, as he slid down a rope into the bow.

"You might unhook those blocks," began the mate, as he sent the men away in answer to a call from the captain, "and catch this rope. The boat will ride easier, and—"

But another loud summons from the captain called the officer forward, and the children were left alone.

"Here, Daisy, please hold this rope a minute, while I unhook these pulleys, as the man told me to do; or you might tie it to that ring."

So saying, Clinton passed the line the mate had thrown him to his sister, and proceeded to cast off the hoisting gear.

He had barely completed his task when Daisy startled him by giving a spring that very nearly sent him overboard, and crying out:

"Oh, Clint, the rope's gone!"

"But, Daisy, why did you let go of it?"

"I was just trying to tie it as you said, and it slipped right out of my hands. And, oh, see how fast we're drifting away! Can't you catch hold of something?"

And the little girl almost held her breath while Clinton leaned as far over as he dared and tried to clutch at the rudder chains.

But just then the lifeboat sank down between two waves, and when it came up again there was a space of several feet between it and the May Queen, for the anchor had caught hold of the bottom at last, and the first of the flood-tide swept the smaller boat swiftly away.

The children at once began to shout for help at the top of their voices, but as the steamboat had now begun to blow off steam, and as most of the passengers were on the forward deck, watching a vessel that had just been sighted, they were neither heard nor seen.

"Can't you row back, Clint?" asked Daisy; then, as the boat rose high on a wave, only to sink into the green depths again, she added: "Oh, no, don't try; but see if we can't get to the land!"

Clinton, meanwhile, was tugging at the oars, which were several sizes too large for him; besides, he had only rowed once or twice in his life before. So when he found that the wind had changed, and was now blowing shoreward, he decided that it was best to take Daisy's advice.

"See if you can steer against my rowing," he suggested, when he had finally succeeded in pushing one of the huge oars into its place. "Just keep the rudder turned that way—so. It didn't look to be very far to the mouth of the river when the man pointed it out, and, if we can only get into the tide there, it'll carry us right up to Sunside. I used to watch it come rushing in last summer."

Thus, with the help of wind and tide and the one oar, the lifeboat was brought nearer and nearer to the strip of beach, until, finally, the children could hear the booming of the breakers. "What is that?" inquired Daisy, as the dull roar grew ever louder.

Clinton told her, and both awoke to the fact that they would be much safer drifting far out at sea, for if the boat could not be kept in her present course, in spite of the wind, until she had drifted past Sandy Point and around into the quiet waters of the river, she would certainly be carried into the toppling surf and capsized.

Clinton, all exhausted as he was, worked away with his heavy oar harder than ever; but, nevertheless, the space between the lifeboat and the water line of breakers narrowed terribly fast while the distance to Sandy Point seemed to stretch out like elastic.

Which would be covered first?

"Oh, let me help, Clint!" cried Daisy, as she noticed that her brother dared not stop even to wipe away the great drops of perspiration that were trickling down his face.

"No, you can't do any more than you are doing by keeping tight hold of the rudder."

Daisy, however, determined to do all she could, began to give out encouraging reports of their progress toward the point, resolving not to notice how close they also were to the shore.

"Only a little bit more, Clint, and then you can rest all the way to Sunside, can't you?"

Her brother nodded, with his lips closed. He felt that all his breath must be saved for the "little bit."

What if he should not be able to hold out? How long would it be before some great curling wave—

"We've passed it!" suddenly announced Daisy.

And, after a few more strokes for good measure, Clinton drew in his oar, and, as the incoming tide swept the lifeboat safely into the peaceful river, he stretched himself out on the seat, quite limp from the exciting contest, in which he had been the victor.

Daisy arranged a coil of rope under his head for a pillow and fanned him with his hat, so that, in the course of ten minutes, he felt able to sit up and gently propel the boat a little faster, until he brought it, and the news of the May Queen's mishap, up to the steamboat wharf at Sunside.

They heard the next morning that the disabled steamer had been towed back to the city before nightfall, and Daisy is now of the opinion that she would rather read about adventures than have them.

"I hope people won't think we ran away with that boat on purpose," she remarked to her grandma; "because we didn't. It just ran away with us."—Golden Days.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

PERMANENT ROADS.

They Are Needed Badly in Every State of the Union.

Not for many years has the need of better country roads been felt so much as has been the case during the past winter, except in the more northern regions, where the temperature remained low enough to prevent the melting of the snows. South of 42 degrees latitude the rains have been so frequent that the soil is full of water, and the freezing and thawing of the ground so constantly alternating that a thorough breaking up of the soil has been the result. Consequently the public roads could not be much worse than at present. Owing to modern methods of drainage by the use of open ditches and tile, the roads will soon settle when the rains cease and



HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.
(Highway Between Hummelstown and Middletown, Pa.)

the wind and sun have a chance to evaporate the surplus moisture. A great deal of inconvenience and loss to the farmers have already occurred as a result of the long wet period, and much more of sacrifice must be made in the expenditure of capital and labor to restore the damage done to the highways, by the hard usage they received during the open winter just past. Prairie roads are very satisfactory during dry years, but when the wet ones come they become impassable in proportion to the length of time and season of the year in which the rains appear, and to the use made of such highways during such periods.

Permanent roads may seem expensive, under the most favorable circumstances, but when the cost of cartage and the expense of keeping in repair are taken into account, the permanent roads would probably be the less expensive, if economically made. This, of course, depends largely upon the accessibility of the material necessary to the construction of such highways. Stone, gravel or sand form the foundation for them. Sand and a certain kind of clay, in proper proportions form a road suited to all kinds of weather. The sand packs under moisture and the clay under drought. Each supports the weakness of the other, when combined. The present condition of the roads will, doubtless, revive the question which had begun to react from the impetus which the wheelmen had given it, three or four years ago, owing to the favorable weather which had kept the highways in repair for so long.—Farmers' Union.

STEEL TRACK ROADS.

Good Thing for Districts Where Gravel Is Not Found.

For many years I have thought that wagon roads might be successfully laid with steel plates about eight inches wide on which the wheels would run with very little draft. I never made an estimate of cost, because of the high price of steel products, until now that it seems as though the cost might be within reach of the taxpayers. The Illinois Steel company writes that steel plates three-eighths of an inch thick weigh about 16 pounds per square foot. Allowing for a flange, or lip, the weight should be about 20 pounds per square foot. This would make about 70 tons per mile. In large quantities this ought to be bought at \$20 per ton, or about the price of steel rails, or about \$1,400 per mile.

With good oak planks 3x8 inches at \$20, per 1,000, about 21,000 feet per mile, would cost \$420, so that the plates and planks to support them would cost not far from \$1,800 per mile. This is for large quantities. The cross-ties might be of steel rods or plates to keep the planks from spreading and placed low enough to be covered with gravel or broken stone between the plank for horses to travel on. Gen. Roy Stone, of New York, director of the United States department of good roads, is now investigating the practical utility of such road improvement, and thinks it feasible. Where gravel is scarce, it seems that such a track might be much cheaper.—O. Dinwiddie, in Prairie Farmer.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

In spite of hard times and low prices of butter, there is nothing that is keeping so near good-time prices as good cows.

Men do not enter the race with Clydesdales. Why should they expect great results in milk or butter from beef cows?

It does not pay for a scrub man to invest in a high-priced thoroughbred animal and continue to give his usual slipshod care. He will soon bring it down to his own level.

Common grade cows can by proper care and feeding be made to exceed in profitable results many thoroughbreds, and it is easy to so treat an extra herd of thoroughbreds as to bring their product below the average grade.—Farm Journal.

THE ALL-PURPOSE COW.

A Nondescript, Useless and Utterly Unprofitable Animal.

The dairy business is far more overdone by the "average" cow than from any other one cause. The trouble is that she eats and exists upon a man's farm to do just half what is required of her, and eats as much good food in the year as her betters. The amount of milk this average cow gives is 3,100 pounds yearly, and it should be as many quarts of better milk—as the record for 1,000 creameries shows, is not over 3½ per cent. fat, when it should be 4½ per cent. If one looks at this average cow critically the signs are too often reversed from what they should be, i. e., her head is too large to correspond with her udder, and her shoulders wider than her hips, and her tendency to put tallow upon her earl and not in her milk, and has ample storage capacity for everything except milk. She is a parasite that eateth by noonday, and wasteth a man's substance by night, and in the way of "fleecing the innocents," she beats all the trusts and rings combined. As a cow, she is one that uses health and vigor to destroy food and render as little return therefor as possible. She is a product of all the good blood and bad breeding extant. The blood in her veins is an amalgamation of all the breeds under the sun, and reinforced by the "calico-colored" cattle of the hills, possessing few traits or her respectable relations, and embodying all the undesirable qualities of her "scrub" kin. She is the result of chance breeding and the science of moon signs combined. She has a place in our later farm industry—where farmers and dairymen are thrown into a competition with the world, and the best only wins—alongside of the broncho pony and the Texas steer. She is getting her revenge back upon the men and their posterity for the way she was bred and cared for, by boarding with them and charging up a large part of the bill to the credit of "her company." This average cow has had a sort of feast and famine sort of a life; has been baked in the summers and soaked in the autumn rains, frozen and thawed alternately in winter, and fed what was handiest and when most convenient, and milked after everything else was done. The truth is, this average cow will have to go, and go soon, or the sheriff will sell her, and deliver her owner over to the demeriton bow-wows. The man with an average dairy is in the sleigh of despond, and in all similitude should be using a wooden plow.—John Gould, in San Francisco Chronicle.

FAILURE TO FRUIT.

It Is an Indication That a Tree Is Not in Good Health.

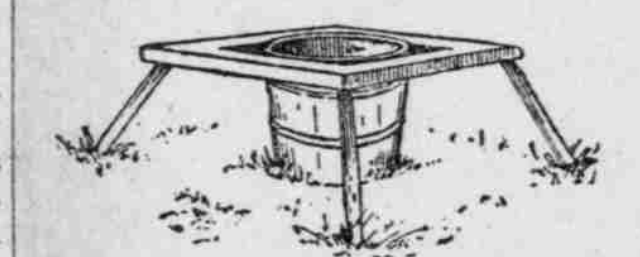
The fruiting of an orchard is the end of its culture, and everything should tend to this end. A failure to fruit at proper age and in the right season is a sure indication that something is wrong and that something ought to be done. There are a number of causes for a full-grown tree not fruiting, and it will be a good plan to investigate, ascertain the cause, if possible, and apply the remedy.

In some cases trees may have too much head and will exhaust themselves, nourishing their foliage at the expense of the first buds, but this is the exception. Generally a tree lacks plant food rather than an over-supply, and the application of well-rotted manure will remedy this. Sometimes there is a lack of lime or potash in the soil. Bone dust or wood ashes make a good fertilizer when mineral elements are lacking, as there may be an excess of moisture in the soil and drainage may be the necessary remedy. Pruning and thinning out may be necessary when there is an excessive growth of top. The soil may have become packed and hard, so that the tree cannot make as thrifty a growth as it should, and cultivating or digging about the roots may be necessary. With proper care the tree can be made to bear good fruit, quality being of more importance than quantity, and if, after proper remedies have been tried, the trees fail to yield good fruit, the quicker it is cut down and another one is planted in its place the better. Allowing a tree to overbear one year will be the cause of its not bearing the next. The tree so exhausts itself in maturing the excessive yield that a rest is required in which to recuperate. Thinning in good season is the remedy for this, while a better grade of fruit is secured.—N. J. Shepherd, in Farmers' Voice.

WATER FOR CALVES.

Make a Frame with Spreading Legs to Prevent Waste.

Calves during the first summer are frequently pastured in an orchard or tethered by a rope near the barn. In either case water must be carried to



PREVENTS TIPPING OVER.

them and their pail is very likely to be tipped over. Make a frame with spreading legs, like that shown in the cut—just large enough for the pail to set inside—and no trouble will be experienced.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A List of State Flowers.

The following "state flowers" have been adopted by public school vote in the respective states: Alabama, Nebraska and Oregon, golden rod; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the syringa; Iowa and New York, the rose; Maine, the pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the cyripodium or moosehorn flower; Montana, the bitter root; North Dakota, the wild rose; Utah, the sage lily; Vermont, the red clover. In addition Rhode Island and Wisconsin have adopted a state tree, the maple being selected by both.

B. & O. Fast Freight Schedule.

The Baltimore and Ohio, in connection with the Continental Line and Central States Dispatch fast freight lines, has inaugurated another fast freight schedule to the west, to be known as Train 95. It will be made up at Baltimore, and is put on especially to accommodate import business by way of Locust Point, and at the same time gives to Eastern manufacturers and wholesale dealers a rapid service to the west. The running time of the train is so arranged that it will make 50 hours to Chicago, 30 to Cincinnati, 30 to Cleveland, 34 to Columbus, 118 to Dallas, Tex., 50 to Detroit, 98 to Duluth, Minn., 37 to Indianapolis, 78 to Kansas City, 75 to Memphis, 50 to Louisville, 74 to Milwaukee, 83 to Minneapolis, 61 to Peoria, Ill., 20 to Pittsburgh, 50 to St. Louis, 81 to St. Paul, 39 to Sandusky, 231 to San Francisco, 44 to Toledo, and correspondingly quick time to other western and southern points.

The Freight Department expects to make 95 as popular and reliable a train as 97, which makes the run from New York to Chicago and St. Louis in 60 hours.

Rather Discouraging.—Mr. Slim (hunting for a new boarding-house)—"Is the lady of the house in?" Servant—"No; she's gone for a policeman." "What are the terms for board here?" "Cash." "I mean how much a week?" "Ten an fifteen a week, 'ordin to room." "I presume she makes a reduction for people who stay a month or two?" "I don't know. No one ever stays that long."—N. Y. Weekly.

Now comes that trying time of year. Whose woes each benedict can tell, When madam sheds the scalding tear Because her jelly failed to jell.—Chicago Record.

A man likes to rake up a lot of rubbish and make a bonfire as well as a woman likes to clean house.—Washington Democrat.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, July 26.
LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common 2 25 @ 3 00
Select butchers 3 85 @ 4 25
CALVES—Fair to good light 6 00 @ 6 25
HOGS—Common 3 50 @ 3 75
Mixed 3 50 @ 3 60
Light shippers 3 10 @ 3 65
SHEEP—Choice 3 50 @ 3 75
LAMB—Spring 4 00 @ 4 50
FLOUR—Winter family 3 00 @ 3 35
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 72 @ 75
No. 3 red 68 @ 71
Corn—No. 2 mixed 28 @ 28
Oats—No. 2 22 @ 22
Rye—No. 2 22 @ 22
HAY—Prime to choice 11 00 @ 11 50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork 9 00 @ 9 00
Lard—Prime steam 6 15 @ 6 15
BUTTER—Choice dairy 16 00 @ 16 00
APPLES—Per bbl 2 50 @ 3 00
POTATOES—New Per bbl 2 00 @ 2 25

NEW YORK.
FLOUR—Winter patent 4 30 @ 4 65
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 1 north'n 84 @ 84
No. 2 red 83 1/2 @ 83 1/2
Corn—No. 2 mixed 27 @ 27 1/2
OATS—Mixed 21 1/2 @ 21 1/2
PORK—Mess 7 25 @ 7 50
LARD—Steam 4 00 @ 4 30

CHICAGO.
FLOUR—Winter patents 4 00 @ 4 25
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 76 1/2 @ 76 1/2
No. 3 red 74 1/2 @ 74 1/2
Corn—No. 2 27 @ 27 1/2
OATS—No. 2 21 @ 21
PORK—Mess 7 70 @ 7 75
LARD—Steam 4 05 @ 4 05

BALTIMORE.
FLOUR—Family 3 80 @ 4 15
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 79 @ 79 1/2
Corn—Mixed 31 1/2 @ 31 1/2
Oats—No. 2 white 28 @ 28 1/2
LARD—Repacked 17 1/2 @ 17 1/2
PORK—Mess 16 1/2 @ 16 1/2
CATTLE—First quality 3 70 @ 4 10
HOGS—Western 4 10 @ 4 20

INDIANAPOLIS.
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 69 1/2 @ 69 1/2
Corn—No. 2 mixed 24 @ 24
Oats—No. 2 mixed 19 1/2 @ 19 1/2

LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR—Winter patent 3 75 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red 70 @ 70
Corn—Mixed 28 @ 28
Oats—Mixed 20 1/2 @ 20 1/2
PORK—Mess 9 00 @ 9 00
LARD—Steam 4 00 @ 4 00

South Dakota Pays Off Its Debts.

Sioux Falls, S. D., July 13.—[Special.]—"The people of South Dakota have, in the last four years, paid off \$50,000,000 of their debts," said one of the best known loan agents of the State, "and they are now paying off at a very rapid rate. As things are now going the people of the State, and especially the farmers, will soon be well out of debt. The large crops of the last few years, coupled with the close times, have had the effect of giving the people an appetite for getting out of debt, and fortunately has also given them the ability to do so."

Another agent who represents a loan company which has several million dollars loaned on farm property in South Dakota, adds his testimony, but the agent complains that he cannot find takers for one-third of the amount he would like to loan.

"Our company has 1,500 loans in this State on farm lands," said the agent above referred to, "and we have not had over fifty foreclosures in seven years. The company does not own a foot of land in the State and never lost a cent on a loan."—(Chicago Tribune, July 14, 1897.)

That portion of South Dakota which is traversed by the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the finest agricultural and stock growing section of the western country. For "Letters from Farmers," printed in pamphlet form, finely illustrated, and descriptions of farm lands, address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill. Now is the time to look for homes in South Dakota, where land is cheap and good.

Thunder-Like Tones.

"I really couldn't afford to let you board with me this summer," said an old farmer to a city man with a very deep bass voice.

"Why not?" roared the basso-profundo in tones that rattled the dried squashes in the rafters.

"Because whenever you talked or sang your voice would sour all the milk in my cellar."—Judge.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at \$5.75 one way at \$7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at \$9.90 and at \$13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for \$3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

A loafer always complains of warm weather more than a hard working man.—Aitchison Globe.

Highly Illustrated Publications, Descriptive of Yellowstone National Park, Black Hills, Summer Tours to the North and Northwest, Tours to Colorado, Pacific Coast and Puget Sound, Farm Lands in Northern Missouri, Nebraska and Wyoming and Homes in Washington and the Puget Sound Region will be mailed free by the undersigned. Send fifteen cents for a large colored wall map of the United States or a pack of superior playing cards. L. W. Wakeley, G. F. A., Burlington Route, St. Louis, Mo.

What an immense amount of laziness there is going on in the name of poor health.—Ram's Horn.

As pathetic a thing as one sees is a boy trying to be a dude on a two dollar a week salary.

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

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because they strengthen the muscular action of the bowels and gently stimulate the kidneys and liver. They are purely vegetable, containing no poisonous or injurious substances, and are recommended and used by young and old. BELIEVE WHAT WE SAY! 10 cents prove their merit, and we ask that you

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